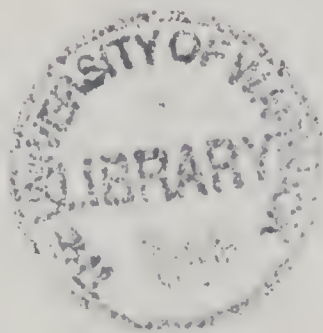


B.

Beaux Stratagem

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall



OC246018

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEORGE FARQUHAR.



Act V.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES FREEMAN
AIMWELL
ARCHER
SCRUB
SULLEN

FOIGARD
BONIFACE
GIBBET
BAGSHOT
HOUNSLOW

LADY BOUNTIFUL
MRS. SULLEN
DORINDA
GIPSEY
CHERRY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Inn.

Enter BONIFACE, running. Bar-bell rings.

Bon. Chamberlain, maid, Cherry, daughter Cherry! All asleep, all dead?

Enter CHERRY, running.

Cher. Here, here! Why d'ye bawl so, father! D'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx! the company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to shew them to their chambers.

Cher. And let them wait, father; there's neither red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow. (*Ringing.*) Coming, coming; here's the London coach arrived.

Enter several People with trunks, bandboxes, and other luggage, who cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen. Chamberlain, shew the Lion and the Rose.

[*Exit with the company.*]

Enter AIMWELL, in a riding-habit, and ARCHER, as his Footman, carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubbed.

Arch. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh! Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir! what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale: I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old, the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You are very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children; I'll shew you such ale—here, tapster,

Enter Tapster.

broach number 1706, as the saying is. [*Exit Tapster.*] Sir, you shall taste my *anno domini*. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster, with a tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see. Your worship's health: ha! delicious! fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. (Drinks.) 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir: she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh; but the poor woman was never well after; however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so: she, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I am contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, sir! we'll drink her health. *(Drinks.)* My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours; in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter, by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune; she has a son too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith! but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly! and married, you say?

Bon. Ay! and to a curious woman, sir. But he's a—he wants it here, sir. *(Pointing to his forehead.)*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so, a man, you know, would not—but, ecod! he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. *(Drinks.)* Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You are very happy, Mr. Boniface; pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh! that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen; pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of them: they are full of money, and pay double for everything they have; they know, sir, that we pay good round taxes for the taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of them lodges in my house.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on them. Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? *(To Archer.)*

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, mayhap.

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow this! *(Bell rings.)* I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. *[Exit.]*

Aim. The coast is clear, I see. Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Lichfield.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! pr'ythee leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let them bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant; when, if our intrinsic value were known—

Arch. Come, come; we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to hearts, I grant ye they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Lichfield, made me a lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, clothes, rings, &c. Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people: and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent: our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low; but we came off with flying colours, shewed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay! and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, faith! if this project fails, it must even come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight-errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have lived justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoyed them.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our pennyworths; and had I millions I would go to the same market again. O, London, London! Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for aught I know, are best, such as we are sure of: those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit. At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln, I again.

Arch. Then at Norwich I mount; which, I think, shall be our last stage; for if we fail there, we'll

embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match! Mum!

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper meat, I must confess. I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating; sirrah! Do you know who you are? (*Aside.*)

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have everything in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal, sir! we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish, or wild fowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then, for wild fowl—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, sir! they'll eat much better smothered with onions.

Arch. Psha! rot your onions!

Aim. Again, sirrah! Well, landlord, what you please; but, hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk he minds nothing. Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir. This will give us reputation. (*Aside: brings the box.*)

Aim. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down, both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds: if you doubt it, I'll count them to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour; perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses ready saddled; but one thing above the rest, I must beg that you will let this fellow have none of your *auno domino*, as you call it; for he's the most insufferable sot—here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, sir. [*Exit, lighted by Archer.*]

Bon. Cherry, daughter Cherry!

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money: is all that money? why, sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going, perhaps, at a minute's warning, or of staying, perhaps, till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! Upon my life, girl, you have hit it; and this box is some new purchased booty. Now, could we find him out, the money were our's.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience. I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own.

Lookye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work; proofs we must have; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one he loves a wench, you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. (*Ring without.*) Coming, coming. Child, mind your business. [*Exit.*]

Cher. What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it. My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the benefit of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and his daughter into the bargain—by a footman, too!

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for it.

Arch. I hope so, for I am sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had.

Arch. Why, then, you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend!

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! Manners! if you keep a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox! (*Going.*)

Cher. A pretty fellow! I like his pride. Sir! pray, sir—you see, sir, (*Archer returns*) I have the credit to be trusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman. I hope, sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no. 'Sdeath! child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with them.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see everybody?

Arch. Ay! but if some women had them they would kill everybody. Pr'ythee, instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to anybody before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addresses have always been confined to persons within my own sphere; I never aspired so high before. (*Sings.*)

“But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,” &c.

Cher. Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear! take it while it is warm. (*Kisses her.*) Death and fire! her lips are honeycombs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten as well as I. (*Aside.*) What's your name, sir?

Arch. Name! Egad! I have forgot it. (*Aside.*) Oh! Martin.

Cher. Where was you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of—of—St. Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon it.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you are very impudent.

Arch. That you are very handsome.

Cher. That you are a footman.

Arch. That you are an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

Bon. (*Without.*) Cherry, Cherry!

Cher. I'm—my father calls: you plaguy devil, how dare you stop my breath so? Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit.*]

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light! this is a pretty fair opening for an adventure; but we are knights-errant, and so fortune be our guide. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's house.

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA.

Dor. Morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. S. Anywhere to pray; for heaven alone can help me; but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at Doctors' Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that; for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. S. The most constant man, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. S. No; he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. S. A maintenance! Do you take me, madam, for an hospital-child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things called pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures the country affords.

Mrs. S. Country pleasures! Racks and torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles; or, that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments, of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman, my mother-in-law?

Dor. I am sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined; but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it last in a country life?

Mrs. S. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? If you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every Phillis has her Corydon; every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead, gives fresh alarm to love. Besides, you'll find that the couples were never married. But yonder I see

my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, heaven knows! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry; he is my husband and your brother; and, between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you are the best judge.

Mrs. S. Oh, sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot; one that is always musing, but never thinks. There is some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since the woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing them rattle a little. Now you shall see: but take this by the way; he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace. Oh! matrimony, matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose. Oh! the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband! But, now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. S. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Psha!

Mrs. S. Will you please dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub, Scrub!

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day of the week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear? set out the venison pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table; I'll go to breakfast. (*Going.*)

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation. Come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. S. But I can't, sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. S. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I am glad on it.

Mrs. S. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get the things ready to shave my head.

[*Exit.*]
Mrs. S. Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit Scrub.*] Invererate stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? Oh, sister, sister! I shall never have any good of the heast till I get him to town; London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. S. No, no, child; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave

his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town. A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. Oh, Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine woman may do any thing in London. On my conscience! she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Lichfield; you have drawn the French count to your colours already.

Mrs. S. The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. S. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make them alert in their duty. Women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion on his side; and, I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. S. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I would be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that, instead of rousing your husband, by this artifice, to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs. S. Let him. If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. S. You must assist me.

Dor. What! against my own brother?

Mrs. S. He is but half a brother, and I am your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then I expect you should go along with me in everything. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. S. You like nothing; your time is not come. Love and death have their frailties, and strike home one time or other. You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye. But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL, dressed, and ARCHER.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house?

Arch. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-sçai-quoi*; she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, faith! The lady gives herself airs, forsooth; nothing under a gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more of that, and I'll declare myself—spoil your sport there, and everywhere else. Lookye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

Aim. Right; and, therefore, you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have

served myself. But to our business. You are so well dressed, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger in a country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star: no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers run buzzing round the congregation in a moment—"Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?" Then I, sir, give the verger half-a-crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer, single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes on her's, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for her lover, and by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she, in good earnest, falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of rivetting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune: that's our business at present.

Aim. Psha! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone for a marksman.

Arch. Tom.

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife. [*Exit.*]

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. [*Exit.*]

Enter BONIFACE and CHERRY.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting anything out of a man; I am but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? I tell you his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter GIBBET, in a cloak.

Gib. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all's fair and honourable; here, my dear Cherry, (*gives her a bag*) two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hanged or saved a rogue; lay them by with the rest; and here, three wedding, or mourning rings, 'tis much the same, you know. Here, two silver-hilted swords: I took these from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts. Here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest place in the coach, but I found it out. This gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife: it was left in her hands by a person of quality; there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman, I pitied her; from a poor lady just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half-a-crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a present for you.

Cher. What is it?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat.

Cher. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief. Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure them. *[Exit.]*

Bon. But, harkye, where's Hoanslow and Bag-shot?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. Do you know of any other gentlemen of the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how do you smoke them?

Bon. Why, one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter ARCHER, brushing a hat and singing.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep: I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas. A good pretty fellow that. Whose servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really!

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much. That fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions. But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall. *(Sings and brushes the hat.)* This is the most obstinate spot—

Gib. I ask you his name.

Arch. Name, sir! Tall, all, dall. I never asked him his name in my life—Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge. But pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again! an old offender. *(To Bon.)* Right: but I mean, does he go upwards or downwards? *(To Arch.)*

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir—Tall, lall.

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be the contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch. This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all. Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a chamber. Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, friend. *[Exeunt.]*

Arch. Captain, your servant. Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath! I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen; I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. *(Aside.)* Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

Arch. Some recruiting sergeant, or whipp'd-out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. *(Aside.)*

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conned over the catechism I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well; an apt scholar. *(Chucks her under the chin.)* Where does love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear. What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child; kiss me. What must a lover do to obtain a mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him. He must, he must—

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you, if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his—

Cher. Oh! ay. He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine! Come, my dear, why is love called a riddle?

Cher. Because, being blind, he leads those that see; and, though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well. And why is love pictured blind?

Cher. Because the painters, out of their weakness, or the privilege of their art, choose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar; kiss me again. And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism. And now, my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin; you have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learned by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. Oons! what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me: for though I was born to servitude, I hate it. Own your condition, swear you love me, and then—

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know, then, that I was born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money, my friends disowned me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand; promise to marry me before you sleep, and I will make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How?

Cher. Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody; so, throw off your livery this instant, and I will go find a parson.

Arch. What said you? a parson?

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! no, no; but—two thousand pounds, you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath! what shall I do? But harkye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but—

Cher. O, sweet sir, I am your humble servant, you are fairly caught. Would you persuade me that any gentleman, who would bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would? No, no, sir: but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect I ought to pay you. (*Going.*)

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter! Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you; when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and, be assured that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will. In the mean while be satisfied, that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my father. [*Exit.*]

Arch. So; we are like to have as many adventures in our inn as Don Quixote had in his. Let me see; two thousand pounds! If the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long! Then, an innkeeper's daughter! Ay, that's the devil; there my pride brings me off.

*For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels' fall, and twenty faults beside;
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft', and woman too from falling.* [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lady Bonntiful's House.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA.

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha! my dear sister! let me embrace thee; now we are friends, indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. S. Psha! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already; has avowed his passion, toasted your health, and called you ten thousand angels.

Dor. Your hand, sister; I a'n't well.

Mrs. S. Shall I send to your mother, child? or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you? Come, unbosom yourself; the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him, too, sister; and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. S. Well said; up with it.

Dor. No forward coquette behaviour, no air to set him off, no studied looks, no artful posture; but nature did it all.

Mrs. S. Better and better:—one touch more. Come—

Dor. But, then, his looks! Did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. S. Yes, yes, I did; his eyes! well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on any thing but me; and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

Mrs. S. The physic works purely. How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear. Oh! here comes our Mercury.

Enter SCRUB.

Dor. Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly; come.

Scrub. In the first place, I inquired who the gentleman was: they told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked what the gentleman was: they answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I inquired what countryman he was? they replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came: their answer was, they could not tell. And, fifthly, I asked whither he went: and they replied, they knew nothing of the matter. And this is all I could learn.

Mrs. S. But what do the people say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why, some think he's a spy; some guess he's a mountebank; some say one thing, some another; but, for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit! why a jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always saddled; and his footman talks French.

Mrs. S. His footman!

Scrub. Ay; he and the Count's footman were jabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond; and I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizened with lace; and then he has a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles; he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so. (*Walks with a French air.*) Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of a man than I.

Mrs. S. That may easily be. But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it. This fellow has a world of simplicity and some cunning: the first hides the latter by abundance. Scrub!

Scrub. Madam! (*Advancing.*)

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. S. O, brave, sister! o' my conscience, you understand the mathematics already. 'Tis the best plot in the world. Your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be gone to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own; so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company; and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he will do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, madam, you wrong me; I never refused your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table. [*Exit.*]

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting. Go where we ordered you.

Scrub. I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inn.*

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but harkye, Aimwell.

Aim. Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. Oh, Archer! I read her thousands in her looks; she looked like Ceres in her harvest; corn, wine, and oil, milk, honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams, played on her plentiful face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket you mean! the corn, wine, and oil lie there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes—

Arch. Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. (*Going.*)

Aim. Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do our business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*"The nymph who with her twice one thousand pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed—"*

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an innkeeper's daughter. I can play with a girl as an angler does his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him, and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my baise-mains to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him mediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [*Exit, bowing obsequiously.*]

Aim. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing?

Arch. Psha! d—n your raptures! I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady very handsome there?

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, faith, all her corn, wine, and oil, is engrossed to my market. And once more I warn you to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul of me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom. What! make a prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you. You're a pretty fellow, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Enter BONIFACE.

Aim. Well, well, I won't. Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where; will you make a compliment for me, and tell him I should be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, would—

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in. (*Aside.*) I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what title would you give yourself?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure; he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout. You know the rest of your cue.

Arch. Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*]

Enter GIBBET.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before, I hope. (*Aside.*)

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman; but my landlord—

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon; you're the captain he told me of.

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir; an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. (*Aside.*) You have served abroad, sir?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I would have quitted it, indeed, but a man of honour, you know—Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad. Any thing for the good of one's country: I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life. (*Aside.*) You found the West Indies very hot, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. And where's your company now, Captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country. The devil's in't if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare; but I'm afraid he's not right; I must tack about. (*Aside.*)

Aim. Is your company to quarter in Lichfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company is but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha!

Aim. You're merry, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me. Sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling. I don't care for answering questions directly upon the road; for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. (*Aside.*)

Gib. I am credibly informed, that there are highwaymen upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure—But truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary. Then, I presume, you're no captain?

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries, that are generally made about gentlemen that travel: it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient. And thus far I am a captain, and no further.

Aim. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me; upon my word, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha, ha! upon my word, I commend you.

Enter BONIFACE.

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that, hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman! Is he really a clergyman? or is it only a travelling name, as my friend, the Captain has it?

Bon. Oh, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but, Captain, since we are by ourselves—Can he speak English, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir: you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner, by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in England before?

Bon. Never, sir; but he's master of languages, as the saying is; he talks Latin; it does one good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Save you gentlemen, bote.

Aim. A Frenchman! sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful shervant, and yours also.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My English is very well for the words; but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronouncification so soon.

Aim. A foreigner! a downright teague, by this light! (*Aside.*) Were you born in France, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in France, but I was borned in Brussels; I am a subject of the King of Spain, joy.

Gib. What King of Spain, sir? Speak.

Foig. Upon my soul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor; he's a stranger.

Foig. O, let him alone, dear joy; I'm of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute. Here, landlord; is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door—

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter ARCHER and SCRUB, singing; Scrub with a tankard in his hand, GIPSEY listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, dall. Come, my dear boy, let's have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family; but will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman!

Arch. 'Tis enough. You must know, then, that my master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell; he fought a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw

till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not; he never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*]

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters' quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country, here, receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their wives; the wives tell the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and, in half an hour, you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for. But if you should chance to talk, now, of this business,—

Scrub. Talk! ah, sir, had I not learned the knack of holding my tongue, I had never lived so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure; there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O lud! but—but I'll say no more. Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard. Here—

Arch. With all my heart: who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh! Here's your ladies' health: you have threc, I think; and, to be sure, there must be secrets among them.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! friend, friend! I wish I had a friend.

Arch. Am I not your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute. Give me your hand. And now, brother Scrub.

Scrub. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end. You must know, that I'm consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, Gipse, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it's more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women, long and many days after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a d— son of a w— of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions. There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had lived here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipse.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend, for I'm afraid he has made her a w— and a papist. But this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in confederacy, and for some private end of their own, too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family, yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover, too?

Scrub. Not that I know: she's the best on them, that's the truth on't; but they take care to prevent

my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I am a perfect slave. What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, lord help your silly head! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach; of a Tuesday I drive the plough; on Wednesday I follow the hounds; on Thursday I dun the tenants; on Friday I go to market; on Saturday I draw warrants; and on Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother. But what ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other is Mrs. Dorinda. Don't mind 'em; sit still, man.

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA.

Mrs. S. I have heard my brother talk of my Lord Aimwell, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. S. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that people may be guessed at by the behaviour of their servants; I could wish that we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. S. So do I, for I think he's a very pretty fellow. Come this way; I'll throw out a lure for him presently. (*They walk to the opposite side. Mrs. Sullen drops her fan; Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*)

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil, indeed! But I think the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice. Ay, ay, say you so? Madam, your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. S. O, sir, I thank you. What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. (*Aside.*) That project for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me.

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him.

Arch. O, yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. S. What! then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam; my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water: 'tis prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la! a footman have the spleen!

Mrs. S. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though, in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks! How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. S. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with

their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. S. That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. S. I suppose you served as footman before.

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, "Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopt, till we know the concurrence of the person I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the mean time, there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—"

Mrs. S. & Dor. Ha, ha! where are you going, sir?

Arch. Why, I hav'n't half done.

Scrub. I should not remember a quarter of it.

Arch. The whole how d'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gained. My lord is not married, I find.

Mrs. S. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam: I am very well as I am.

Mrs. S. Something for a pair of gloves. (*Offering him money.*)

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin! brother Martin!

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[*Exeunt Archer and Scrub.*]

Dor. This is surprising. Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow?

Mrs. S. The devil take him for wearing that livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs. S. It is so, it must be so, it shall be so—For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs. S. The count happened to be the most agreeable man in the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, and this gentleman; but how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. S. Patience! you country ladies give no quarter. Look ye, Dorinda, if my lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it. My business

comes now upon the tapis. Have you prepared your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. S. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me. But here he comes.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. S. The singing in your head, my dear; you complained of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. S. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh: rather two carcasses joined unnaturally together.

Mrs. S. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shews you what you must do.

Mrs. S. And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath! why can't you be silent?

Mrs. S. 'Sdeath! why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. S. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, hark'ye. (*Whispers.*) I shan't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. S. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him. But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project: for as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him.

Mrs. S. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DORINDA, MRS. SULLEN and LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Dor. News, dear sister, news!

Enter ARCHER, running.

Arch. Where, where is my lady Bountiful? Pray which is the old lady of you three!

Lady B. I am.

Arch. O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

Lady B. Your master, where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam: drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what: but down he fell, and there he lies.

Lady B. Here, Scrub, Gipse, all run, get my easy chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

Lady B. Is your master used to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently. I have known him to have five or six of a night.

Lady B. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's dying: a minute's care or neglect, may save or destroy his life.

Lady B. Ah, poor gentleman! Come, friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in myself. [*Exit, with Archer.*]

Dor. O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely;

I can hardly forbear from running to his assistance.

Mrs. S. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with them.

Dor. O, Sister, I'm but a young gunner; I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. S. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter AIMWELL, in a Chair, carried by ARCHER and SCRUB; LADY BOUNTIFUL and GIPSEY; Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

Lady B. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops. Gipse, a glass of fair water; his fit's very strong. Bless me, how his hands are clench'd!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? Why don't you help us? Pray, madam, (*to Doriuda,*) take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. (*Doriuda takes his hand.*)

Dor. Poor gentleman! Oh, he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully.

Lady B. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. O, madam, he's perfectly possessed in these cases. He'll bite you if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

Lady B. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got his hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. S. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute. (*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*)

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

Lady B. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.

Lady B. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at church, madam.

Lady B. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady B. Wind, nothing but wind. Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to. Oh! he recovers; the lavender water; some feathers to burn under his nose; Hungary water to rub his temples. O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem. Gipse, bring the cordial water. (*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*)

Aim. Where am I? (*Rising.*)

Sure I have passed the gulph of silent death, And now am landed on the Elysian shore— Behold the goddess of those happy plains, Fair Proserpine, let me adore thy bright divinity. (*Kneels to Dorinda, kisses her hand.*)

Mrs. S. So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice, perhaps. How could thy Orpheus keep his word

And not look back on thee?

No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him,
To look one minute off thee.

Lady B. Delirious, poor gentleman!

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious!

Scrub. Very dolorous, indeed.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my, lord. How does your lordship?

Lady B. Lord! did you mind that, girls!

Aim. Where am I?

Scrub. In our house, sir.

Arch. In very good hands, sir. You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see.

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon, and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends. I dare to be no longer troublesome. Martin, give two guineas to the servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recovered. (*Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb shew.*)

Aim. That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Lady B. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you are apt to relapse, if you go into the air. Your good manners shan't get the better of ours. You shall sit down again, sir. Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country. Here, Gipsy, bring the cordial water. You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making. (*Aimwell drinks.*) Drink it off, sir.—How d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better, though very faint still.

Lady B. Ay, ay, people are always faint after those fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house: 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air: but you'll find some tolerable pictures. Dorinda, shew the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below. [*Exit.*]

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait upon you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. S. Sir, we understand originals as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt all but Scrub.*]

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Save you, master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be saved your way. I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defy the devil. Sir, I am a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. Gipsy.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's dead two months ago, sir.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill: for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers, as—

Scrub. You lie, you lie, 'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, saucebox? Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil! there she hampers me again:—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on the t'other: so, between the gown and sword, I have a fine time on't.

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march, but I'll walk; and I'll make bold to listen a little too. (*Goes behind and listens.*)

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. Gipsy, upon my soul, now gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings; in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, à la Françoise, and a stranger would not know whither to cry or laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here are twenty loudiores, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it. If you receive the money beforehand, 'twill be logice, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it logice. But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

Foig. Leave that with me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But should I put the count into the closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? One may goe to prayers in a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady should go into her chamber and go to bed?

Foig. Vell, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Foig. Vell den, the parties must be responsible. Do you be gone after putting the count into the closhet and leave the shins wid themselves. I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—Methinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolved to die a martyr to it; here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late; I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here? There's twenty loudiores; I heard that, and saw the purse; but I must give room to my betters. [*Exit Scrub.*]

SCENE II.—A Picture Gallery.

Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA, with MRS. SULLEN and ARCHER.

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, (*To Arch.*) how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda. You find, madam, how Jupiter came disguised to make love.

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs. S. What was he banished for?

Arch. His ambitious love, madam. (*Bowing.*) His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. S. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark. He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs. S. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. If he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. S. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. S. Oh! what a charm is flattery! If you would see my picture, there it is, over the cabinet. How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire anything, madam, that has the least resemblance to you. But, methinks, madam—(*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or four times by turns.*) Pray, madam, who drew it?

Mrs. S. A famous hand, sir.

[*Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous hand, madam! Your eyes indeed are featured here; but where's the sparkling moisture, and shining fluid, in which they swim? the picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing Cupids that should ambush there? the lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness, that tempts the taste in the original.

Mrs. S. Had it been my lot to have been matched with such a man! (*Aside.*)

Arch. Your neck too, presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! Apropos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmons, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you served the painter so, madam.

Mrs. S. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed chamber.

Mrs. S. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think that the quilt is the richest that I ever saw. I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery. Will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs. S. The devil take his impudence. Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not be rude. I have a great mind to try. (*Going.—returns.*) 'Sdeath! what am I doing? And alone too! Sister, sister!

[*Exit.*]

Arch. I'll follow her close.

*For where a Frenchman dost attempt to storm,
A Briton sure may well the work perform.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Martin! brother Martin!

Arch. O brother, Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going; here's a guinea my master ordered you.

Scrub. A guinea! hi, hi, hi, a guinea! by this light, it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change?

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsy.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch. Sir, give me that guinea; and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot!

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot! First it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't; secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't; thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't; and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle. This I know, that there has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsy has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down; my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsy?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back door, and a key.

Arch. The count? did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody brother?

Scrub. Told! no, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolved never to speak one word, pro nor con, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're in the right, brother Scrub. Here's a treaty a foot between the count and the lady. The priest and the chamber maid are plenipotentiaries. It shall go hard, but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor, now?

Scrub. He and Gipsy are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. (*From without.*) Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forgot the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. [*Exit Archer.*] Ecod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsy; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room.

Enter MRS. SULLEN. Dorinda.

Mrs. S. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. S. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. S. Servant! He's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman, by fifty degrees, than his master.

Dor. O my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows' foot.

Mrs. S. O my conscience I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desired me, sister, to leave you, when you transgressed the bounds of honour.

Mrs. S. Thou dear, censorious, country girl, what dost mean? You can't think of the man without the lover, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought.

Mrs. S. How a little love and conversation improve a woman. Why, child, you begin to live. You never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoken to before; my lord has told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. S. You're in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread. But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done. What did your fellow say to you?

Mrs. S. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs. S. Common cant! Had my spark called me a Venus directly, I should have believed him to be a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. S. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vowed to die for me.

Mrs. S. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. S. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. S. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. S. O lard! D'ye call that a moving thing.

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister. Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here these seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natured clown like yours: whereas, if I marry my lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence; the park, the play, and the drawing-room; splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeaux. Hey, my lady Aimwell's servants there. Lights, lights, to the stairs, my lady Aimwell's coach, put forward, stand by; make room for her ladyship. Are not these things moving? What, melancholy, of a sudden!

Mrs. S. Happy, happy, sister! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge. Long smiling years of circling joys for you; but not one hour for me! (*Weeps.*)

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk on something else.

Mrs. S. O, Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul, easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge; and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose.

Mrs. S. Husband! No, even husband is too soft a name for him. But, come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my father married me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

Mrs. S. You mistake me, sister. It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards: and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course.—Though to confess the truth, I do love that fellow; and if I met him drest as he should be, and I undrest as I should be,—lookye, sister, I have no supernatural gifts; I can't swear I could resist the temptation, though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Inn.*

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER, laughing.

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman—

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one. 'Sdeath, 'tis a pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop, for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no further.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's. But now—

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this. Strike while the iron is hot. This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

Arch. Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress. But if the plot lies as I suspect, I must put on the gentleman. But here comes the doctor. I shall be ready. [*Exit.*]

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Save you, noble friend.

Aim. O sir, your servant. Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naame is upon me? My naame is Foigard, joy.

Aim. Foigard! a very good name for a clergyman. Pray, doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

Foig. Ireland! no joy. Fat sort of a plaace is dat saam Ireland? Dey say, de people are catched dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of them here, when they are old; as for example (*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*) Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you're a subject of England, and this morning shewed me a commission, by which you served as a chaplain in the French army. This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for it.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me; fader Foigard a subject of England! the son of a burgomaster at Brussels, a subject of England! Ubooboo—

Aim. The son of a bogtrotter in Ireland! Sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all my evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I will never speak English no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence. Here, Martin, you know this fellow.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. (*In a Brogue.*) Saave you, my dear, Cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! upon my shoul, dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. (*Aside.*) Mynhere, ick wet neal watt hey zacht, ick Universton ewe neet, sacramant.

Aim. Altering your language wont do, sir; this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere de brogue upon my faash too?

Arch. Upon my salvation dere ish, joy. But, cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. Mackshane! by St. Paatrick, dat is my naame shure enough. (*Aside.*)

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy. By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

Arch. O, de devil hang yourself, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's shister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

Foig. De devil take de relationship! Vell, joy, and fat school was it?

Arch. I think it was—Ay, 'twas Tipperary.

Foig. Now upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us: Self confession. Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you're tried next assizes, and away you go swinging into purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, cussen?

Arch. It vill be so wid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsey. Lookye, sir, the gallows, or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows! Upon my soul, I hate that shame gallows, for it ish a dishease dat is fatal to our family. Vell, den, there is nothing, gentlemen, but Mrs. Sullen would speak wid de count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to de plaash myself.

Arch. As I guess'd. Have you communicated the matter to the count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right again; why then, doctor, you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady! Upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your windpipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs further.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Foig. Arra, the devil take our relationship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BONIFACE, HOUNSLOW, BAGSHOT, and GIBBET.

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

Houn. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil; our landlord here has shewn us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers and tankards. There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a present to the squire from his godmother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East India Ship.

Houn. Then you say we must divide at the stair head.

Bon. Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is. At one end of the gallery lies my lady Bountiful and her daughter; and at the other, Mrs. Sullen. As for the squire—

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly entered him, and he's more than half-seas over already. But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that 'egad I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve as the saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Houn. and Bag. We will. [*Exeunt.*]

Gib. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward.

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road. But my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business; I warrant you, we shall bring off three or four thousand pounds.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, Tyburn, I defy thee; I get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as ever a long gown of them all.

Bon. And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

Gib. Lookye, my dear Bonny, Cherry is the goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have [it in their power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have mercy upon them both! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

(*Knocking without.*) *Enter* BONIFACE.

Bon. Coming, coming—A coach and six foaming

horses at this time of night! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

Sir C. What, fellow! a public house, and abed when other people sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir C. I see that, as the saying is. Is Mr. Sullen's family abed, thinkye?

Bon. All but the Squire himself, sir, as the saying is; he's in the house.

Sir C. What company has he?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunchback'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir C. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter SULLEN, *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep—sir.

Sir C. Well, sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate man; I have three thousand pounds a-year, and can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir C. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, sir, and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must even go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir C. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed. You don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

Sir C. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so, too, friend; but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir C. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir C. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime? Oons, an't I married?

Sir C. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Sul. Eh! I must be acquainted with you, sir; but, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir C. Truth sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that wade deep enough to find the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding maynt be long enough.

Sul. Lookye, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the country.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: Are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir C. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else; but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir C. Ay, minds, sir. Don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir C. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow; Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir C. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir C. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Will you take her, sir?

Sir C. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir C. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune, I hate only the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir C. But her fortune, sir—

Sul. Can you play at whist, sir?

Sir C. No, truly, sir.

Sul. Nor at all-fours?

Sir C. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred? (*Aside.*) Burn me, sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir C. For half an hour, sir, if you please; but you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHERRY, who runs across the stage, and knocks at Aimwell's chamber-door. Enter AIMWELL in his night-cap and gown.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, child; you're frightened.

Cher. No wonder, sir; but in short, sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my lady Bountiful's house.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogged them to the very door, and left them breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarmed anybody else with the news?

Cher. No, no, sir; I wanted to have discovered the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin; but I have searched the whole house, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

Cher. With all my heart, sir; my Lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Miss Dorinda so well—

Aim. Dorinda! the name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own. Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's house.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA, undressed.

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister; no news of your spouse, yet?

Mrs. S. No, I'm condemned to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest, you'll go directly to bed, I suppose?

Mrs. S. I don't know what to do; heigho!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. S. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. S. Here! my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O, 'gad, sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you. So, my dear sister, good night. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. S. A good rest to my dear Dorinda;—thoughts are free! are they so? Why then, suppose him here, dressed like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, (*Archer steals out of the closet.*) with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees

imploring. (*Turns a little on one side and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*) Ah! (*Shrieks.*) Have my thoughts raised a spirit? What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. (*Rising.*)

Mrs. S. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. (*Takes her hand.*)

Mrs. S. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs. S. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam; I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. S. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus opened the casement.

Mrs. S. I'm struck dumb with wonder.

Arch. How beautiful she looks! the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceived, her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies—

*Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.*

(*Runs to her.*)

Mrs. S. Ah! (*Shrieks.*)

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the house.

Mrs. S. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I'll bear this. I'm glad on't. Your impudence has cured me.

Arch. If this be impudence, (*kneels.*) I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious painful voyage, ever bowed before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. S. Rise, thou prostrate engineer: not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you; but—

Arch. For me! (*Going to lay hold of her.*)

Mrs. S. Hold, sir, build not upon that, for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now; leave me this minute. If he denies, I'm lost. (*Aside.*)

Arch. Then you'll promise—

Mrs. S. Anything another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. S. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. S. Psha!

Arch. They must, they must. (*Kisses her.*) Raptures and paradise! And why not now, my angel? The time, the place, silence, and secrecy, all conspire; and now the conscious stars have pre-ordained this moment for my happiness. (*Takes her in his arms.*)

Mrs. S. You will not, cannot, sure—

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joy.

Mrs. S. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. (*Carrying her off.*)

Mrs. S. Thieves, thieves! murder!

Enter SCRUB, in his breeches and one shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery! (*Archer Draws.—Scrub kneels.*) O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

Mrs. S. (*Holding Archer's hand.*) What does the fellow mean!

Scrub. O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones, he's one of them.

Mrs. S. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues—I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

Arch. How?

Mrs. S. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, madam; but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have spared; but your crying thieves has wak'd this dreaming fool; and so he takes them for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, sir; take all we have.

Mrs. S. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them; they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What, thieves?

Scrub. Under favour sir, I think so.

Mrs. S. What shall we do, sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. S. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, madam, did you not command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your mortal hatred.

Mrs. S. Nay, but pray, sir—(*Takes hold of him.*)

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! now comes my turn to be ravished. You see, madam, you must use men one way or another; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it. How are they arm'd, friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

Arch. Hush! I see a dark lantern coming through the gallery. Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. S. Your life! No, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore, now, sir, let me entreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem. Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of them?

Mrs. S. Yes, yes, since I have escaped your hands I can face anything.

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub: don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother Martin.

Arch. This way—Here—

[*Exit Archer, carrying off Scrub.*]

Enter GIBBET, with a dark lantern in one hand, and a pistol in the other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. S. Who are you, sir? What would you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack-a-day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head. But don't be afraid, madam. (*Laying his lantern and pistol upon the table.*) These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frightened, madam; I'm the most of a gentleman. (*Searching her pockets.*) This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady. I have a veneration—for this necklace—(*Here Archer having come round and seized the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.*)

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. O, pray sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

Arch. How many are there of them, Scrub?

Scrub. Five-and-forty, sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold, sir! we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to Gipseys' chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently. [*Exit Scrub, running.*] Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, don't kill him; you fright me as much as him.

Arch. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

Enter SCRUB and FOIGARD.

Arch. Here, doctor; I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him. Lay hold of him. (*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*)

Gib. What! turn'd over to the priest already. Lookye, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I vil make you a good catholic, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

Foig. No, joy.

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar; there bind him; take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him through the head, and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. S. But how came the doctor,—

Arch. In short, madam—(*Shrieking without.*)—'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies; I'm vexed I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance. Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. S. Oh, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the house.*

Enter HOUNSLOW, dragging in LADY BOUNTIFUL; and BAGSHOT hauling in DORINDA.

Houn. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter AIMWELL.

Aim. Turn this way, villains! I durst engage an army in such a cause. (*He engages them both.*)

Enter ARCHER and MRS. SULLEN.

Arch. Hold, hold! my lord; every man his bird, pray. (*They engage, man to man; Hounsflow and Bagshot are thrown down and disarmed.*)

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter. (*To Mrs. Sullen.*)

Mrs. S. The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a breath. Here's a cord that the rogues brought with them I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself. Come, my lord; this is but a scandalous sort of an office. (*Binding Houn. and Bag. together.*) If our adventures should end in this sort of hangman's-work; but I hope there is something in prospect that—

Enter SCRUB.

Well, Scrub, have you secured your tartar?

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy. (*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads them out.*)

Mrs. S. Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman here?

Mrs. S. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany. (*They talk apart.*)

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the housebreakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal; press her this minute to marry you; now, while she's hurried between the palpitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance; now, while the tide of her spirits is at high flood, throw yourself at her feet; speak some romantic nonsense or other; confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her; the priest is now in the cellar, and dares not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed?

Arch. You a lover! and not find a way to get off.—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business. I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

Enter LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Lady B. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services—

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

Lady B. and Mrs. S. How, wounded!

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt? (*To Aimwell.*)

Aim. None but what you may cure. (*Makes love in dumb shew.*)

Lady B. Let me see your arm, sir; I must have some powder sugar to stop the blood.—O me!—an ugly gash; upon my word, sir, you must go to bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed would do very well. Madam, (*to Mrs. Sullen*) will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber.

Lady B. Do, do, daughter; while I get the lint, and the probe, and the plaister ready.

(*Runs out; Aim. carries off Dor.*)

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

Mrs. S. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me? Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection? Lookye, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swiss; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. S. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward them.

Mrs. S. How! at the expense of honour?

Arch. Honour! can honour consist with ingratitude. If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour. D'ye think I would deny you in such a case?

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Madam, my lady has ordered me to tell you that your brother is below, at the gate.

Mrs. S. My brother! heaven be praised! Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs. S. Sir Charles Freeman. You'll excuse me, I must go and receive him. [*Exit.*]

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and hell! my old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea like the Eddystone. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same house.*

Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquered. Your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; though I must own your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue,—here, doctor.

Enter FOIGARD, with a book.

Foig. Are you prepared, bote?

Dor. I'm ready; but first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little.

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour or my love?

Dor. Neither. I do believe you equally just as brave; and were your whole sex drawn out for me to choose, I should not cast a look upon the multitude, if you were absent; but my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me; therefore, know me better first. I hardly dare affirm I know myself in anything except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who could injure? I find myself unequal to the task of villain. She has gained my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her, (*Aside.*) Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foig.*] Madam, behold your lover and your proselyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion, I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it heaven! a counterfeit!

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor, needy man, come with a mean and scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune; but the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Pray, sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurped, but stranger to his honour or fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty! Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it. Now I can shew my regard was justly levelled, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter FOIGARD and GIPSEY, who whispers Dorinda.

Your pardon, sir, we sha'n't want you now, sir. You must excuse me;—I'll wait on you presently.

Foig. Upon my shoul, now dis is foolish. [*Exit.*]

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart; it has an ominous look.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Courage, Tom! Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! man, what have you been doing?

Aim. O, Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruined me.

Arch. How?

Aim. I have discovered myself.

Arch. Discovered! and without my consent! What, have I embarked my small remains in the

same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O, Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction, 'tis then too late for pardon. You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you proposed this folly; as you begun, so end it. Henceforth, I'll hunt my fortune singly, so farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! what to be despised, exposed, and laughed at! No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost—But no matter for that; 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman!—one word, Archer. Still I have hopes; methought she received my confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.

Aim. By all my hopes, she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter DORINDA, gaily.

Dor. Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms—The minutes of my absence were a tedious year. Where's the priest?

Enter FOIGARD.

Arch. Oons, a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste, couple them any way. (*Takes Aimwell's hand.*) Come, madam, I'm to give you—

Dor. My mind's altered; I won't.

Arch. Eh!—

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is myshelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, madam?

Dor. Lookye, sir, one generous action deserves another; this gentleman's honour obliged him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him; in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true lord viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter SIR CHARLES, and MRS. SULEN.

Sir C. My dear lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir C. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels; among the rest, I did myself the honour.

Arch. Harkye, sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir C. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize. (*Taking Dorinda's hand.*)

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. My lord, I wish you joy. My

lady, I wish you joy. Egad, Sir Charles, you're the honestest fellow living; 'sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter. My lord, how d'ye do? A word, my lord. Don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which I think will amount to ten thousand pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer. You would have cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds; we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! Is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Arrah! fait, de people do say you be all robbed, joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul our inn be robbed too.

Aim. Our inn! by whom?

Foig. Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robbed himself, and run away vid de money.

Arch. Robbed himself?

Foig. Ay fait and me too of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robbed you of a hundred pounds?

Foig. Yes, fait honey, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank.

Arch. Rot the money, my wench is gone—*Scavez vous quelque chose de mademoiselle Cherry?*

Sir C. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister. I intend to part her from her husband; gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who would not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashist.

Enter SULEN.

Sul. What's all this? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robbed.

Mrs. S. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it, had not these two gentlemen interposed.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. S. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my conscience, de question be apropos for all dat.

Sir C. You promised last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph!

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by humph? Sir, you shall deliver her; in short, sir, we have saved you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with them, and set fire to your house. What does the man mean? not part with his wife!

Foig. Arrah, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. S. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first, who are to be our judges. Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir C. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good sir?

Aim. Thomas Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

Sul. And you, pray, sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, esq. come—

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope—Gentlemen you're heartily welcome. I never met with three more obliging people since I was born; and now, my dear, if you please you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last for five pounds. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. S. How long have you been married?

Sul. By the almanack, fourteen months; but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. S. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Foig. Upon my conscience deir accounts vil agree.

Mrs. S. Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an heir to my estate.

Sir C. And have you succeeded?

Sul. No.

Arch. The condition fails on his side. Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. S. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir C. Are your expectations answered?

Mrs. S. No.

Foig. Arrah, honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir C. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. S. In the first place I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. S. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. S. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. S. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. S. Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes—to part.

Mrs. S. With all my heart.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs. S. Here.

Sul. These hands joined us, these shall part us. Away—

Mrs. S. East.

Sul. West.

Mrs. S. North.

Sul. South; as far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Amen! Upon my shoul, a very pretty shereimony.

Sir C. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir C. Twenty thousand pounds, sir.

Arch. I'll pay it. My lord, I thank him, has enabled me. This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all, for Captain Gibbet in his walk has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritoir, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, and receipts, to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and will deliver them to Sir Charles. (*Gives him a parcel of papers and parchments.*)

Sul. How, my writings! My head aches consumedly. Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry and celebrate my sister's wedding, and my divorce, you may command my house; but my head aches consumedly.—Scrub, bring me a dram. [*Exit.*]

Foig. And, Scrub, put a little drop on the top for me. [*Exit.*]

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties are the better pleased, the couple joined, or the couple parted: the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.

*Both happy in their several states we find;
These parted by consent, and those conjoin'd:
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;
Consent is law enough to set you free.*

[*Exeunt.*]

